

DEATHS OF THE DAY

Charles F. Uhl.
NOMINATED March 4.—Charles F. Uhl, the well known Somerset merchant and citizen, died at his home on West Union street, after an illness of several weeks. Death was caused by pneumonia. The funeral will be held Thursday afternoon at 2 o'clock. The service to be in charge of Rev. J. H. Wagner, pastor of the Lutheran Church.

He came to Somerset when yet a child to attend the Somerset schools. He was a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, where he was a member of the Phi Kappa Phi Honor Society. He was also a member of the Phi Kappa Phi Honor Society.

Mr. Uhl was born in Somerset, Pa., on March 1, 1857. He was the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Uhl. He was educated in the Somerset schools and at the University of Pennsylvania. He was a member of the Phi Kappa Phi Honor Society.

Mr. Uhl was a member of the Somerset Lodge, No. 100, B. P. O. Elks. He was also a member of the Somerset Chapter, No. 100, B. P. O. Elks. He was a member of the Somerset Chapter, No. 100, B. P. O. Elks.

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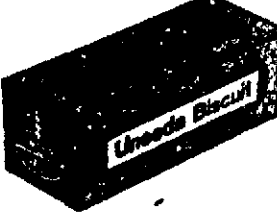
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Unedda Biscuit

Nourishment—fine flavor—purity—crispness—wholesomeness. All for 5 cents, in the moisture-proof package.



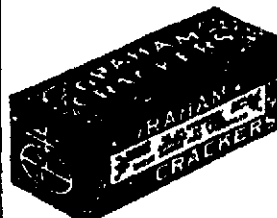
Baronet Biscuit

Round, thin, tender—with a delightful flavor—appropriate for luncheon, tea and dinner. 10 cents.



GRAHAM CRACKERS

A food for every day. Crisp, tasty and strengthening. Fresh baked and fresh delivered. 10 cents.



Buy biscuit baked by

NATIONAL

BISCUIT

COMPANY

Always look for that name

A STATE IN WEALTH.

Valuation of Allegheny County Out-ranks Many Commonwealths.

In connection with the sale of \$1,150,000 Allegheny county bonds last week in Pittsburgh, it is interesting to note that the assessed valuation of the county is greater than that of 30 of the states and territories of the United States and is one-fifth of the valuation of the State of Pennsylvania.

If Allegheny county were a state its assessed valuation would make it rank thirteenth among the United States.

COMB SAGE TEA

INTO GRAY HAIR

Darkens Beautifully and Restores Its Thickness and Lustre at Once.

Common garden sage brewed into a heavy tea, with sulphur and alcohol added, is the best remedy for gray hair. It darkens hair beautifully and restores its thickness and lustre at once.

Remove every bit of dandruff, stop scalp itching and falling hair. Mix the Sage Tea and Sulphur recipe at home, though, is troublesome. An easier way is to get the ready-to-use tonic, costing about 60 cents a bottle, at drug stores, known as "Weyth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy," thus avoiding a lot of mess.

While wispy, gray, faded hair is not at all, we all desire to retain our youthful appearance and attractiveness.

Weyth's Sage and Sulphur, no one can tell, because it does it so naturally, so evenly. You just dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning all gray hair should disappear. After another application or two your hair becomes beautifully dark, glossy, soft and luxuriant and you appear years younger.—Adv.

STORM CONCEALS WRECK.

News of Ontario & Western Disaster Just Received.

By Associated Press.

NEW YORK, March 4.—As an indication of the isolation of certain New York points during the recent storm it remained for a resident of Port Jervis to give the first news of a bad wreck on the Ontario & Western railroad at noon yesterday.

Fifteen persons were seriously injured and a property loss of \$100,000 was caused.

Convenience.

By reason of the complete equipment which this bank has installed, it assures its depositors every banking convenience and prompt, accurate service. Point of location, facilities and efficiency, this bank is unequalled.

On the basis of convenience, service, we cordially invite checking and interest-bearing accounts. The Citizens National Bank of Connelville, 124 Pittsburg street.—Adv.

Railroad Operated On.

William Smith, a Hudson & Ohio railroad, was operated on yesterday at a Pittsburg hospital.

SOCIETY.

Fancy Work Club Meets.
The Greenwood Ladies' Fancy Work Club was entertained yesterday afternoon by Mrs. Edward Sweeney at her home in Eight street, Greenwood. Nearly all members and a number of guests attended. The meeting was one of the most enjoyable held for some time. Various amusements, including a guessing contest, riddles and conundrums in rhyme, and music were indulged in. A dainty luncheon in which St. Patrick's Day appointments predominated was served by the hostess. Out of town guests were Mrs. H. C. Rush, Mrs. Margaret Stauffer and Mrs. A. C. Brown of Dawson; Mrs. H. A. Anwalt, Mrs. Daniel McDonald, Mrs. H. B. Coble and Mrs. Charles Beck of Uniontown, and Mrs. W. E. Kelly of Vanderbilt. Mrs. Matthew Crowley will entertain the club Tuesday afternoon, April 7, at her home on Eighth street, Greenwood.

Birthday Party.
Eight members of the E. S. and J. Fancy Work Club were pleasantly entertained last evening by Mrs. J. C. McCormick at her home on Elm street. The evening was spent at fancy work and a prettily arranged luncheon was served.

Birthday Party.
A surprise party was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Taylor on Johnston avenue in honor of the twenty-ninth birthday of Mrs. C. H. Hyatt, a sister-in-law of Mrs. Taylor. Music was rendered by Miss Leona Reilly and Mrs. Harry Miller of Vanderbilt. At a late hour a dainty luncheon was served. The centerpiece was a huge bouquet of carnations. Mrs. Hyatt received a number of pretty and useful gifts from her friends. Thirty guests attended.

Aid and Missionary Meeting.
The regular meeting of the Ladies' Aid and Missionary Society of the United Presbyterian Church will be held tomorrow afternoon at 2 o'clock at the home of Mrs. Ralph Hyatt on West Main street.

Granted Marriage License.
Katherine M. Bowman of West Newton, and William H. Thompson of McKeesport, were granted a marriage license in Pittsburgh yesterday.

Thursday Musical.
Dr. Katherine Wackerfield will entertain the Thursday Musical tomorrow evening at her home on East Main street.

Dorcas Society Meets.
The Dorcas Society met yesterday afternoon in the room over E. G. Hyatt's store on South Pittsburg street and spent the afternoon at sewing for the poor.

Doctor Will Meet.
Dr. T. H. White will entertain the Young Medical Social Club at its regular monthly business and social meeting tomorrow evening at the Colonial Inn, South Pittsburg street.

All Day Meeting.
An all day meeting of the Ladies' Sewing Circle of the First Baptist Church will be held Thursday in the church.

Evening at Fancy Work.
The M. E. C. Fancy Work Club was pleasantly entertained last evening by Mrs. Hugh Hargis at her home in South Connelville. Eight members attended. A dainty luncheon was served. Mrs. E. E. Sullivan will entertain the club Tuesday evening, March 17.

H. O. P. Chase Entertained.
The H. O. P. Chase of the Methodist Episcopal Church was entertained by its teacher, Miss Helen Curroll, at her home on Prospect street, last night. About 15 were present. Miss Margaret Griffith of Meyersdale was an out of town guest.

WHAT'S INDIGESTION?

WHO CARES? LISTEN!

"Pape's Diapensin" Makes Sick, Sour, Gassy Stomachs Surely Feel Fine

In Five Minutes.

Time it! In five minutes all stomach distress will go. No indigestion, heartburn, sourness or belching of gas, acid, or eructations of undigested food, no dizziness, bloating, foul breath or headache.

Pape's Diapensin is noted for its speed in regulating upset stomachs. It is the surest, quickest and most certain indication remedy in the whole world and besides it is harmless.

Millions of men and women now eat their favorite foods, without fear—they know Pape's Diapensin will save them from any stomach misery.

Please, for your sake, get a large fifty-cent case of Pape's Diapensin from any drug store and put your stomach right. Don't keep on being miserable—life is too short—you are not here long, so make your stay agreeable. Eat what you like and digest it; enjoy it, without dread of rebellion in the stomach.

Pape's Diapensin belongs in your home anyway. Should one of the family eat something which doesn't agree with them, or in case of an attack of indigestion, dyspepsia, gastritis, or stomach derangements at daytime or during the night, it is handy to give the quickest, surest relief known.—Adv.

The Forty Year Test.

An article must have exceptional merit to survive for a period of forty years. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy was first offered to the public in 1872 from a small beginning. It has grown in favor and popularity until it has attained a world wide reputation. You will find nothing better for a cough or cold. Try it and you will understand why it is a favorite after a period of more than forty years. It not only cures, but it cures. For sale by all dealers.—Adv.

Card of Thanks.

We desire to thank our many friends and neighbors for their kind assistance during our recent bereavement in the death of our son, William Jennings Miller, and especially do we thank the employees of O. Deschamps & Co., and others sending floral tributes. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Miller.—Adv.

Doctor Strickler Speaks.

Dr. J. P. Strickler of Scottsdale, read an interesting paper on "Constitutional Remedies" at the recent meeting of the Westmoreland county Medical Society yesterday afternoon in Greensburg.

Son Is Born.

A son was born this morning to Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Durn of West Union, at 11 o'clock. The child weighed 10 pounds and 250 per lb. The Olive Tablet Co., Columbus, O. All druggists.—Adv.

ROYAL

Baking Powder

Saves Health and Saves Money and Makes Better Food

PERSONAL.

Mrs. Fred Algire is visiting friends at Indian Creek today.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Cuthbertson, New York City, Mrs. Charles Johnston and Benjamin Stouffer, Pittsburgh, and Mrs. W. H. Mahaffey, O., were among the out of town persons here for the funeral of Mrs. Harry Dunn.

The new spring fabrics are as beautiful a bunch of stuff as I have ever seen. Come in and have a look. Dave Cohen, Tailor.—Adv.

Mrs. B. H. Lambert of Warfordsburg is the guest of Mrs. J. A. Zimmerman of East Fairview avenue.

Funeral Directors J. J. Snider and W. J. Baez, the latter of Mountwin, were at Windber yesterday on business.

Mrs. Herbert Knox of Pittsburg, returned home this morning after a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Markell.

See our stock of butterine before buying elsewhere. All of the popular brands 18 to 35 cents a pound. Double silver coupons with every purchase of butterine. Muir's Meat Market.—Adv.

Mrs. A. W. Fullmer and daughter, Mabel and Ruth of Greenwood, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Barton of Scottsdale over Sunday.

Mrs. John Smith and Mrs. J. A. Fleming are in Pittsburg today.

Mrs. T. E. Miller is the guest of friends in Cumberland today.

Miss Helen Millard has returned to Pittsburg, after a several weeks' visit here with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Millard.

Mrs. E. E. Coleman and daughter, Miss Mildred, returned this morning from a visit with relatives at Meyersdale.

The violin taught by the world's famous Beethoven method at 444 Fairview avenue by L. G. Garrett of Garrett School of Music. Thursday only.—Adv.

Mrs. William Nesbitt is visiting her husband, a patient at a Pittsburg hospital, today.

Miss Helen Hixon has returned to her home at Smithton, after a visit since October with her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. L. K. Hixon of the West Side.

Miss Grace Grimm is ill at her home at Dickerson Run.

Mrs. O. B. Kane of Pittsburg, is the guest of friends here today.

Chicago Dairy Company. Butterine a specialty; 15c, 20c, 25c per lb. Riquefort cheese, one of the best on the market, 45c per lb. Imported Swiss, 35c per lb. Long Horn cheese, 24c per lb. Brick cheese, 25c per lb. All goods guaranteed fresh.—Adv.

McClain Crossland, a former Connelville resident and now located in Massachusetts, is visiting friends and relatives here.

C. R. Bailey of the West Side, who is employed by a moving picture concern, arrived home this afternoon from Texas, where he secured several miles of good pictures.

City Clerk A. O. Sixler and Health Officer George Heston were in Uniontown today testifying in the "dog" case.

Charles Mahoney has recovered from an injury to his foot and has resumed his duties at the West Penn power house.

RELIEF FROM CONSTIPATION

It's Me For Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets.

That is the joyful cry of thousands since Dr. Edwards produced Olive Tablets, the substitute for calomel.

Dr. Edwards, a practicing physician for 17 years and a keen, clear-headed, earnest, discovered the formula for Olive Tablets while treating patients for chronic constipation and torpid liver.

Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets do not contain calomel, but a healing, healthful vegetable laxative. No griping, no tired feeling—no headache—torpid liver and are constipated, you'll find quick, sure and only pleasant results from one or two little Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets at bedtime.

Thousands take one or two every night just to keep right. Try them. 10c and 25c per box. The Olive Tablet Co., Columbus, O. All druggists.—Adv.



WERE THE OLD FASHIONED EX-RANCIS THE NEW.

A pretty toilet of rose taffeta is shown above. The skirt consists of three flounces of taffeta finished with the old fashioned "pinkings" and alternating with flounces of lace. A circular ruffle of the taffeta outlines the neck and merges in a double ruche of the same which occupies the center front. The giraffe ends are formed of the scalloped taffeta large silk roses being placed at closing of the skirts in front. A supplementary ruffle and ruche of lace partially conceal the neck trimmings. A sleeve, a simple kimono one of the taffeta, is lengthened by a fall of lace.

OUCH! PAIN IN BACK

RUB BACKACHE AND

LUMBAGO RIGHT OUT

Instant Relief! Get a Small

Trial Bottle of Old-Time

St. Jacobs Oil.

Al! Pain is gone!

Quickly!—Yes! Almost instant relief from soreness, stiffness, lameness, with "St. Jacobs Oil."

Apply this soothing, penetrating oil directly upon the ache, and like magic, relief comes. "St. Jacobs Oil" is a harmless backache, lumbago and doesn't burn the skin.

Straighten up! Quit complaining! Stop those tortuous "stitches." In a moment you will forget that you ever had a back, because it won't hurt or be stiff or lame. Don't suffer! Get a small trial bottle of "St. Jacobs Oil" from your druggist now and get this instant relief.—Adv.

COAL MAN BANKRUPT.

Philadelphia Operator Has Interests in Cambria County.

J. Blair Kennerly of Philadelphia, operating a number of coal properties in Cambria county, was adjudged a voluntary bankrupt in the United States District court at Philadelphia on February 24.

The liabilities are placed at \$608,022 and the assets at \$5,895.

Will Meet in Scottsdale.

The annual convention of the Chris than Endeavor Association of West moreland county will be held early in June in the United Brethren Church at Scottsdale.

ONLY FOUR MORE DAYS LEFT OF LEVINSON'S BIG MONEY-SAVING SALE

in which to do your buying. The crowds that attended the opening days of our sale were so large that there were many people who could not be waited upon, and had to be turned away. We regret this very, very much, and ask those who could not secure our great bargains to come during these last four days as we have doubled our force of clerks and can assure you that the best attention will be given you. To make these last four days just as busy as on opening days, we ask you to be kind enough and please read over carefully the following items, which you can save money on:

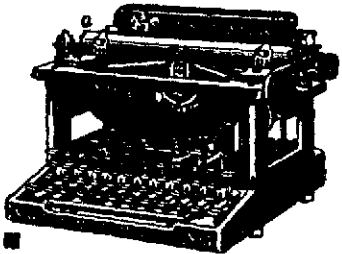
Men's \$18 Overcoats to be sold at.....\$7.98
Men's \$12 Overcoats to be sold at.....\$3.98
Boys' \$6.50 Overcoats to be sold at.....\$2.24
Children's \$2.50 Overcoats to be sold at.....79c
Children's \$5 Chinchilla Overcoats at.....\$2.24
Men's \$12 and \$16.50 Fine Dress Suits at.....\$3.98
Youths' Suits from \$10 to \$15 at.....\$3.48
Boys' Suits from \$3 to \$3.50 at.....\$1.19
Men's \$5.75 Raincoats to be sold at.....\$2.48
Men's \$8.50 Raincoats to be sold at.....\$3.85
Men's \$13.50 Raincoats to be sold at.....\$6.75
Men's \$2 Working Shoes to be sold at.....98c
Men's \$3 Dress Shoes to be sold at.....\$1.19
Ladies' \$2 Dress Shoes to be sold at.....98c
Ladies' \$1.75 Everyday Shoes to be sold at.....68c
Boys' \$2.25 Dress Shoes, button or lace, at.....\$1.38
Boys' \$3.50 High Cut Elkskin Shoes at.....\$1.97
Girl's \$2.25 Dress Shoes, button or lace, at.....\$1.24
Girl's \$1.75 Everyday Shoes at.....94c
Children's 75c Shoes, button or lace, at.....39c

MANY OTHER BARGAINS TO BE HAD, WHICH ARE TOO NUMEROUS TO MENTION.

DON'T DELAY! As this is your last opportunity to buy high grade goods at less than cost. ACT NOW! Come early so as to avoid the rush of these last four days, which will be unusually large, owing to so many bargains to be had, which are the only genuine in the City. Don't be misled by other so-called sales who are trying to imitate us.

LOOK FOR THE FIRST RED SIGN WITH THE HEADING "NECESSITY KNOWS NO LAW AND CASH IS KING."

M. H. LEVINSON
128 North Pittsburg Street, Connelville, Pa.



It Wins
its way by service

L. C. Smith & Bros. Typewriter
(Ball Bearing—Long Wearing)

In buying a typewriter you want a satisfactory answer to three questions:

What will it do for me?
How well will it do it?
How long will it do it?

By answering these queries with the needs of the typewriter owner and user in mind, the L. C. Smith & Bros. Typewriter Company has attained the front rank in the typewriter field.

Some people think that a typewriter is a typewriter and that is all there is to it. Machines may look alike but there is a lot of difference in efficiency.

The new Model Five is built not only for straight correspondence but for tabulating, billing and in fact for every service needed in the average business.

Its ball bearings at all points where friction develops through action, permit close adjustment and insure correct and accurate typewriting.

We would like the opportunity to tell you more about it. Write for free book of our new Model Five.

L. C. SMITH & BROS. TYPEWRITER CO.
Head Office for Domestic and Foreign Business: SYRACUSE, N. Y., U. S. A.
Branches in All Principal Cities

618 Penn Avenue, Pittsburg, Pa.

FOR THE WORKINGMAN SOUTH CONNELLSVILLE LOTS ARE BARGAINS.

The Hollow of Her Hand

by
George Barr McCutcheon
Author of "Granstark,"
"Truxton King," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ELLSWORTH KING

COPYRIGHT 1914 BY
GEORGE BARR MCCUTCHEON
COPYRIGHT 1914 BY
DOUGLASS COMPANY

back of her, Wendall; beside her, Challis; beneath her, friends of the mundanis, outside, the rabble, those who would join with these black, even-like specters in tearing her to pieces if they but knew!

The droning voice came up from below, each well-chosen word distinct and clear: tribute beautiful to the irreproachable character of the deceased. Leslie watched the face of the girl, curiously fascinated by the set, emotionless features, and yet without a conscious interest in her. He was fully sensible to the fact that she was beautiful, uncommonly beautiful. It did not occur to him to feel that she was out of place among them, that she belonged down stairs. Somehow she was a part of the surroundings, like the specter at the feast.

If he could have witnessed all that transpired while Sara was in the room below with her guests—her companion, as he had come to regard her without having in fact been told as such—he would have been lost in a maze of the most overwhelming emotions.

To go back. The door had barely closed behind the two women when Hetty's trembling knees gave way beneath her. With a low moan of horror, she slipped to the floor, covering her face with her hands.

Sara knelt beside her.

"Come," she said gently, but firmly; "I must exact this much of you. If we are to go on together, as we have planned, you must stand beside me at this hour. Together we must look upon him for the last time. You must see him as I saw him up there in the country. I had my cruel blow that night. It is your turn now. I will not name you for what you did. But if you expect me to go on believing that you did a brave thing that night, you must convince me that you are not a coward now. It is the only test I can give you. Come; I know it is hard, I know it is terrible, but it is the test of your ability to go through with it to the end. I shall know then that you have the courage to face anything that may come up."

She waited a long time, her hand on the girl's shoulder. At last Hetty arose.

"You are right," she said hoarsely, "I should not be afraid."

Later on they sat over against the wall beyond the casket, into which they had peered with widely varying emotions. Sara had said:

"You know that I loved him."

"The girl put her hands to her eyes and I bowed her head."

"How can you be so merciful to me?"

"Because he was not," said Sara, white-lipped. Hetty glanced at the

half-averted face with queer, indescribable expression in her eyes.

If Leslie Wendall could have looked in upon them at that moment, or at any time during the half an hour that followed, he would have known who was the slayer of his brother, but it is doubtful if he could have had the heart to denounce her to the world.

When they were ready to leave the room Hetty had regained control of her nerves to a most surprising extent, a condition unaccountably due to the influence of the older woman.

"I can trust myself now, Mrs. Wendall," said Hetty steadily as they hesitated for an instant before turning the knob of the door.

"Then I shall ask you to open the door," said Sara, drawing back.

Without a word or a look, Hetty opened the door and permitted the other to pass out before her. Then she followed, closing it gently, even deliberately, but not without a swift glance over her shoulder into the depths of the room they were leaving.

Of the two, Sara Wendall was the paler as they went up the broad staircase with Leslie.

The funeral oration by the Rev. Dr. Mathey dragged on. Among all his hearers there was but one who heaved the things he said of Challis Wendall, and she was one of two per-

sons who, so they saying goes, are the last to find a man out; his mother and his sister. But in this instance the mother was alone. The silent, attentive guests on the lower floor listened in grim approval. Dr. Mathey was doing himself proud. Not one but all of them knew that Mathey knew, and yet how soothing he was.

By the end of the week the murder of Challis Wendall was forgotten by all save the police. The inquest was over, the law was baffled, the city was merely waiting for its next sensation. No one cared.

Leslie Wendall went down to the steamer to see his sister-in-law off for Europe.

"Goodby, Miss Castleton," he said, as he shook the hand of the slim young Englishwoman at parting. "Take good care of Sara. She needs a friend, a good friend, now. Keep her over there until she has—forgotten."

CHAPTER V.

Discussing a Sister-in-Law.

"You remember my sister-in-law, don't you, Brandy?" was the question that Leslie Wendall put to a friend one afternoon, as they sat drowsily in a window of one of the fashionable uptown clubs, a little more than a year after the events described in the foregoing chapters. Drowsily, I have said, for the reason that it was Sunday, and raining at that.

"I met Mrs. Wendall a few years ago in Rome," said his companion, "and I have been interested in her ever since. I met her some time before of my own admission. She's most attractive. I saw her but once. I think it was at somebody's fête."

"She's returning to New York the end of the month," said Leslie. "Been abroad for over a year. She had a villa at Nice this winter."

"I remember her quite well. I was of an age then to be particularly sensitive to female loveliness. If I'd been staying on in Rome, I should have screwed up the courage, I'm sure, to have asked her to sit for me."

Brandy Booth was of an old Philadelphia family, an old and wealthy family. Both views considered, he was qualified to walk hand in glove with the fastidious Wendalls. Leslie's mother was charmed with him because she was also the mother of Vivian. The fact that he went in for portrait painting and seemed adverse to subsisting on the generosity of his father, preferring to live by his talent, in no way operated against him, so far as Mrs. Wendall was concerned.

That was his lookout, not hers. It was the sort of thing that all well and good. He could afford to be eccentric, there remained, in the perspective he scorned, the bulk of a huge fortune to offset whatever idiosyncrasies he might choose to cultivate. Some day, in spite of himself, she contended seriously, he would be very, very rich. What could be more desirable than fame, family and fortune all heaped together and thrust upon one exceedingly interesting and handsome young man?

He had been the pupil of celebrated draftsmen and painters in Europe, and had exhibited a sincerity of purpose that surprised all things considered. The mere fact that he was not obliged to paint in order to obtain a living was sufficient cause for wonder among the artists he met and studied with or under.

His studio in New York was not a fashionable resting place. It was a workshop. You could have tea there, of course, and you were sure to meet people you knew and liked, but it was quite as much of a workshop as any you could mention. He was not a dabbler in art, not a mere dabber of pigments; he was an artist.

Booth was thirty perhaps a year or two older; tall, dark and good looking. The air of the thoroughbred marked him. He did not affect loose, flowing cravats and baggy trousers, nor was he careless about his finger nails. He was simply the ordinary, every-day sort of chap you would meet in Fifth Avenue during parade hours, and you would take a second look at him because of his face and manner but not on account of his dress. Some of his ancestors came over ahead of the Mayflower, but he did not float.

Leslie Wendall was his closest friend and harshest critic. It didn't really matter to Booth what Leslie said of his paintings; he quite understood that he didn't know anything about them.

"Who does Mrs. Wendall return?" asked the painter, after a long period of silence spent in contemplation of the gleaming pavement beyond the club's window.

"That's queer," said Leslie, looking up. "I was thinking of Sara myself. She sails next week. I've had a letter asking me to open her house in the country. Her place is about two miles from father's. It hasn't been opened in two years. Her father built it fifteen or twenty years ago, and left

it to her when he died. She and Challis spent several summers there."

"Vivian took me through it one afternoon last summer."

"It must have been quite as much of a novelty to her as it was to you, old chap," said Leslie gloomily.

"What do you mean?"

"Vivian's a bit of a snob. She never liked the place because old man Gooch built it out of wretchedness. She never went there."

"But the old man's been dead for years."

"That doesn't matter. The fact is, Vivian didn't quite take to Sara until after—well, until after Challis died. We're dreadful snobs, Brandy. The whole lot of us. Sara was quite good enough for a much better man than my brother. She really couldn't help the wretchedness, you know. I'm very fond of her, and always have been. We're pals. 'Gad, it was a fearful slap at the home folks when Challis justified Sara by getting snuffed out the way he did."

Booth made an attempt to change the subject, but Wendall got back to it.

"Since then we've all been exceedingly sweet on Sara. Not because we want to be, mind you, but because

"You Must Play the Game, Hetty."

"We're afraid she'll marry some chap who wouldn't be acceptable to us."

"I should consider that a very neat way out of it," said Booth coldly.

"Not at all. You see, Challis was fond of Sara, in spite of everything. He left a will and under it she came in for all he had. As that includes a third interest in our extremely refined and irreproachable business, it would be a deuce of a trick on us if she married one of the common people and set him up amongst us, willy-nilly. We don't want strange bedfellows. We're too snug—and I might say, too snug. Down in her heart mother is saying to herself it would be just like Sara to get even with us by doing just that sort of a trick. Of course Sara is rich enough without accepting a sou under the will, but she's a canny person. She hasn't handed it back to us on a silver platter, with thanks; still, on the other hand, she refuses to meddle. She makes us feel pretty small. She won't sell out to us. She just sits tight. That's what gets under the skin with mother."

"I wouldn't say that, Lee, if I were in your place."

"It is a rather priggish thing to say, isn't it?"

"Rather."

"You see, I'm the only one who really took sides with Sara. I forgot myself sometimes. She was such a brick, all those years."

Booth was silent for a moment, noting the reflective look in his companion's eyes.

"I suppose the police haven't given up the hope that sooner or later the—er—the woman will do something to give herself away," said he.

"They don't take any stock in my theory that she made way with herself the night before last. He says that anyone who had wit to cover up her tracks as she did, is not the kind to make way with herself. Perhaps he's right. It sounds reasonable. 'Gad, I felt sorry for the poor girl they had up last spring. She went through the third degree, if ever anyone did, but, by Jove, she came out of it all right. The Ashley girl, you remember. I've dreamed about that girl, Brandy, and what they put her through. It's a sort of nightmare to me, even when I'm awake. Oh, they've questioned others as well, but she was the only one to have the screws twisted in just that way."

"Where is she now?"

"She's comfortable enough now. When I wrote to Sara about what she'd been through, she settled a neat bit of money on her, and she'll never want for anything. She's out west somewhere, with her mother and sisters. I tell you, Sara's a wonder. She's got a heart of gold."

"I look forward to meeting her, old man."

"I was with her for a few weeks this winter. In Nice, you know. Vivian stayed on for a week, but mother had to get to the baths. 'Gad, I believe she hated to go. Sara's got a most adorable girl staying with her. A daughter of Colonel Castleton, and she's connected in some way with the Murkatrods—old Lord Murkatrods, you know. I think her mother was a niece of the old boy. Anyhow, mother and Vivian have taken a great fancy to her. That's proof of the pudding."

"I think Vivian mentioned a companion of some sort."

"You wouldn't exactly call her a companion," said Leslie. "She's got money to burn, I take it. Quite keeps up with Sara in making it fly, and that's saying a good deal for her resources. I think it's a pose on her part, this calling herself a companion. An English joke, eh? As a matter of fact, she's an old friend of Sara's and my brother's too. Knew them in England."

Most delightful girl. Oh, I say, old man, she's the one for you to palut. Leslie waxed enthusiastic. "A type, a positive type. Never saw such eyes in all my life. Dammit, they haunt you. You dream about 'em."

"You seem to be hard hit," said Booth indifferently. He was watching the man in the "slicker" through moody eyes.

"Oh, nothing like that," disclaimed Leslie, with unnecessary promptness. "But if I were given to that sort of thing, I'd be bowled over in a minute. Positively adorable face. If I thought you had it in you to paint a thing as it really is I'd commission you myself to do a miniature for me, just to have it around where I could pick it up when I liked and hold it between my hands, just as I've often wanted to hold the real thing."

Sara Wendall returned to New York at the end of the month, and Leslie met her at the dock, as he did on an occasion fourteen months earlier. Then she came in on a fierce gale from the wintry Atlantic; this time the air was soft and balmy and sweet with the kindness of spring. It was May and the sea was blue, the land was green.

Again she went to the small, exclusive hotel near the park. Her apartment was closed, the butler and his wife and all of their hastily recruited company being in the country, awaiting her arrival from town. Leslie attended to everything. He lent his resourceful man servant and his motor to his lovely sister-in-law, and saw to it that his mother and Vivian went to the ship. Redmond Wendall called at the hotel immediately after banking hours, kissed his daughter-in-law, and delivered an ultimatum second-hand from the power at home: she was to come to dinner and bring Miss Castleton. A little quiet family dinner, you know, because they were all in mourning, he said in conclusion, vaguely realizing all the while that it really wasn't necessary to supply the information, but, for the life of him, unable to think of anything else to say under the circumstances. Somehow it seemed to him that while Sara was in black she was not in mourning in the same sense that the rest of them were. It seemed only right to acquaint her with the conditions in his household. And he knew that he deserved the scowl that Leslie bestowed upon him.

Sara accepted, much to his surprise and gratification. He had been rather dubious about it. It would not have surprised him in the least if she had declined the invitation, feeling, as he did, that he had in a way come to her with a white flag or an olive branch or whatever it is that a combative force utilizes when it wants to surrender in the cause of humanity.

As soon as they were alone Hetty turned to her friend.

"Oh, Sara, can't you go without me? Tell them that I am ill—suddenly ill. I don't think it right or honorable of me to accept."

Sara shook her head, and the words died on the girl's lips.

"You must play the game, Hetty."

"It's—very hard," murmured the other, her face very white and bleak.

"I know, my dear," said Sara gently. "If they should ever find out," gasped the girl, suddenly giving way to the dread that had been lying dormant all those months.

"They will never know the truth unless you choose to enlighten them," said Sara, putting her arm about the girl's shoulders and drawing her close.

"You never cease to be wonderful, Sara—so very wonderful," cried the girl, with a look of worship in her eyes.

Sara regarded her in silence for a moment, reflecting. Then, with a swift rush of tears to her eyes, she cried fiercely:

"You must never, never tell me all that happened, Hetty! You must not speak it with your own lips."

Hetty's eyes grew dark with pain and wonder.

"That is the thing I can't understand in you, Sara," she said slowly. "We must not speak of it!"

Hetty's bosom heaved. "Speak of it!" she cried, absolute agony in her voice. "Have I not kept it locked in my heart since that awful day?"

"Hush!"

"I shall go mad if I cannot talk with you about—"

"No, not it is the forbidden subject! I know all that I should know—all that I care to know. We have not said so much as this in months—in ages, it seems. Let sleeping dogs lie. We are better off, my dear. I could not touch your lips again."

"I can't bear the thought of that!"

"Kiss me now, Hetty."

"I could die for you, Sara," cried Hetty, as she impulsively obeyed the command.

"I mean that you shall live for me," said Sara, smiling through her tears. "How silly of me to cry. It must be the room we are in. These are the same rooms, dear, that you came to on the night we met. Ah, how old it feels!"

"Old? You say that to me? I am aged and ages older than you," cried Hetty, the color coming back to her soot cheeks.

"You are twenty-three."

"And you are twenty-eight."

Sara had a far-away look in her eyes. "About your size and figure," said she, and Hetty did not comprehend.

CHAPTER VI.

Southlook.

Sara Wendall's house in the country stood on a wooded knoll overlooking the sound. It was rather remotely located, so far as neighbors were concerned. Her father, Sebastian Gooch, shrewdly foresaw the day when land in this particular section of the suburban world would return dollars for pennies, and wisely bought thousands

of acres: woodland, meadowland, beachland and hills, inserted between the environs of New York city and the rich towns up the coast. Years afterward he built a commodious summer home on the choicest point that his property afforded, named it Southlook, and transformed that particular part of his wilderness into a million-acre's paradise, where he could dawdle and putter to his heart's content, where he could spend his time and his money with a prodigality that came so late in life to him that he made waste of both in his haste to live down a rather parsimonious past.

Two miles and a half away, in the heart of a scattered colony of pure-proud New Yorkers, was the country home of the Wendalls, an imposing place and older by far than Southlook. It had descended from well-worn and time-stained ancestors to Redmond Wendall, and, with others of its kind, looked with no little scorn upon the modern, mushroom structures that sprouted from the seeds of trade. There was no friendship between the old and the new. Each had recourse to a bitter contempt for the other, though conciliation was small in comparison.

It was in the wooded by-ways of this despoiled domain that Challis Wendall and Sara, the earthly daughter of Midas, met and loved and defied all things infernal, for matches are made in heaven. Their marriage did not open the gates of Nirvana. Sebastian Gooch's paradise was more completely ostracized than it was before the disaster. The Wendalls spoke of it as a disaster.

Clearly the old merchant was not over-pleased with his daughter's choice, a conclusion permanently established by the alteration he made in his will a year or two after the marriage. True, he left the vast estate to his beloved daughter Sara, but he fastened a stout string to it, and with this string her hands were tied. It must have occurred to him that Challis was a profligate in more ways than one, for he deliberately stipulated in his will that Sara was not to sell a foot of the ground until a period of twenty years had elapsed. A very bad policy, it would seem, of making his investment safe in the face of considerable odds.

He lived long enough after the making of his will, I am happy to relate, to find that he had made no mistake. As he preceded his son-in-law into the great beyond by a scant three years, it readily may be seen that he wrought too well by far. Seventeen unnecessary years of prostration remained, and he had not intended them for Sara alone. He was not afraid of Sara, but for her.

When the will was read and the condition revealed, Challis Wendall took it in perfect good humor. He had the grace to proclaim in the bosom of his father's family that the old gentleman was a father-in-law to be proud of. "A canny old boy," he had announced with his most engaging smile, quite free from rancor or resentment. Challis was well acquainted with himself. And so the acres were strapped together snugly and firmly, without so much as a town lot protruding.

So impressed was Challis by the far-sightedness of his father-in-law that he forthwith sat him down and made it his perfect good humor. He had the grace to proclaim in the bosom of his father's family that the old gentleman was a father-in-law to be proud of. "A canny old boy," he had announced with his most engaging smile, quite free from rancor or resentment. Challis was well acquainted with himself. And so the acres were strapped together snugly and firmly, without so much as a town lot protruding.

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AT THE THEATRES.

THE SOISSON.

THE ROSARY.

Whatever else may be said of Rowland and Clifford's new production, "The Rosary," which comes to the Soisson Theatre, Friday, March 6, the burden of imitation of other plays cannot be made. "The Rosary" virtually breaks new ground in the dramatic field and should prove a valuable surprise when the curtain goes upon it.



The play is built upon a thoroughly modern theme, viz: The influence of thought upon the lives and well being of the men and women of our present day.

That thought inflexible and even-tempered as it is still a power, a force, that has for some time past engaged the serious attention of our foremost psychologists, but its portrayal upon the stage has been neglected heretofore.

THE PHILIP.

Arthur Hammerstein will present his record-breaking comedy opera, "The Philip," at the Soisson Theatre Tuesday, March 10, introducing in the star role that delightful little prima donna, Miss Edith Thayer, who, in this new musical work, is said to have caught the popular fancy in this new opera. Miss Thayer, whose quaint little personality seems to be always at its highest when she is garbed in boy's clothes, is afforded a double chance to appear in them. "The Philip" takes its name from a song in which a little street singer, Nina (Miss Thayer's role) sings in the streets. The girl to escape from the guardian, disguises herself as a boy and is taken by a party of tourists on a trip from New York to Bermuda. When her sex is discovered, she is cared for by an old choir-master. After a lapse of several years, Nina returns to New York from Europe, a celebrated opera singer. Throughout the entire plot runs a sweet love story which, of course, has its happy ending.

The book of "The Herk" is by Otto Hauebuch and it is said to contain many interesting complications. The book is by Rudolf Printz, a composer now in America and is described as being not only full of melody, but is also an actual play which combines sparkle and spirit to an unusual degree.

IS IT YOUR KIDNEYS?

Don't mistake the cause of your troubles.

Many people never suspect their kidneys. If suffering from a lame, weak or aching back they think that it is only a muscular weakness, when primary trouble sets in they think it will soon correct itself. And so it is with all the other symptoms of kidney disease. That is where the danger often lies. You should realize that these troubles often lead to dropsy, Bright's disease. An effective remedy for weak or diseased kidneys is Doan's Kidney Pills. Residents of this vicinity are constantly being cured. Mrs. B. Thomas, Mount Sterling, Pa., says: "I had pains in the small of my back and twinges when stooping or lifting. My back was lame in the morning. Sometimes I had dizzy spells and a night blurred. The urinary secretions contained sediment. I had to get up at night. I used Doan's Kidney Pills and they helped me greatly."

Price 50c at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Druggery had. Foster-McMillan Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.—Adv.

COMBING WON'T RID
HAIR OF DANDRUFF

The Latest and Best Way is To Dissolve It.

The only sure way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it, then you destroy it entirely. To do this, get about four ounces of ordinary liquid arvon; apply it at night when retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

Do this tonight, and by morning most if not all of your dandruff will be gone, and four more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching and itching of the scalp will stop at once, and your hair will be fluffy, lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

If you want to preserve your hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for nothing destroys the hair more quickly. It not only starves the hair and makes it fall out, but it makes it stringy, straggly, dull, dry, brittle and lifeless, and everyone notices it. You can get liquid arvon at any drug store. It is inexpensive and never fails to do the work.—Adv.

INDIAN CREEK.

INDIAN CREEK, March 3.—Train No. 9 on the Baltimore & Ohio was over three hours late today, due to derailment of engine and three coaches at Umana Junction. Cause of accident was a broken tire on engine No. 2143.

J. W. Barger of Indian Head, is a business caller at Connelville and Uniontown today.

S. C. Brooks of Davistown, is transacting business in Connelville and Uniontown today.

Simon Tressler of Roaring Run, is a business visitor at Uniontown today.

M. G. Frazer of Connelville, is along the Indian Creek valley today on business.

I. W. Michel is making preparations to start his limestone quarry in full blast as soon as the weather moderates.

David Hiltabrid is a business caller in Connelville today.

Mr. and Mrs. Reese returned from a few days' visit among Scottsdale friends.

Mrs. Charles Miller returned home from Connelville last evening.

Edna Blum is spending a few days among Connelville and Broad Ford friends.

James Miller returned home from Connelville last evening.

Charles Rose of Rogers Mill, returned home from a business trip to Connelville.

The Mothers' Favorite.

A cough medicine for children should be harmless. It should be pleasant to take. It should be effective. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is all of this and in the mothers' favorite, every where. For sale by all dealers.—Adv.

Do You Want Help?

Try our classified ads. One cent a word. Results follow.

Soisson Theatre

MATINEE AND NIGHT.

Friday, March 6

Ed. W. Rowland and Edwin Clifford (Inc.) Offer

THE GREAT NEW YORK

CHICAGO AND BOSTON

SUCCESS

THE

ROSARY

BY EDWIN E. ROSE

Like Poem and Song It Will

Live Forever.

The Most Beautiful

Settings Ever Seen

on Any Stage.

Large Company of Exceptional

Artists.

PRICES:

Matinee.....25 and 50c

Night.....25c to \$1.00

SEAT SALE AT THEATRE:

.....

STORE CLOSING TODAY AT 5.30.

WRIGHT-METZLER CO., CONNELLSVILLE

STORE CLOSING SATURDAY AT 9 P. M.

These GOOD Shirts are 95c

—but for three days only—
Thursday, Friday and Saturday, this week.

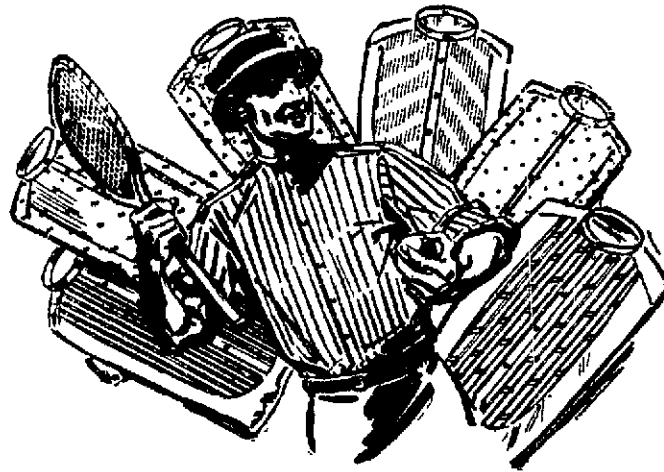
These shirts are \$1.50 and \$2 grades. That they are 95c for a limited time is due to their being left with a maker through a cancellation of the order.

The collection contains 1567 shirts as fine as any that ever went over a counter for \$1.50 or \$2.

95c each—and you have three days to buy a summer's supply.

Most of them bear our name sewed into the neck after the deal was made and another name ripped out.

They are the shirts that careful, critical gentlemen wear, and select by the dozen.



Styles, Fabrics, Colors

Negligee styles:—Soft cuffs and bosoms, collar attached or separate, or no collar at all. Pleated bosom shirts with laundered cuffs.

High-count percale, fancy madras, striped madras, plain soisette, fancy shirting and novelty weaves.

White, white and black, white grounds and colored stripes, colored grounds and white or colored stripes.

The shirts are perfect in fit and wear; stylish, good-looking and cut full and accurate.

These are NOT poorly-made, ill-color shirts common to some shirt "sales."

In fact our semi-annual sale of good shirts was an event of two months ago—and a satisfactory sale it was.

This sale is of shirts of an even higher quality.

You will note their quality-tone at the first glimpse:

Spring colors, matched patterns, excellent making and a variety of materials that only go into supreme-quality shirts at fixed, regular prices.

Sizes are 14 to 17.

Each size is between "dividers" on counters and cases;

—and all the patterns in that size is before you.

Select half a dozen!

Important News from the Enlarged Up-to-Date

Dry Goods Store

is that

Spring Wash Textures

will have their full showing this Friday

The Dry Goods Store Friday and Saturday will have the appearance of a well-kept garden of lovely flowers.

Displayed so that one can take in at a glance the new fashion features—delicate fabrics from foreign and American looms.

The show will be well worth your attendance. Exquisite weaves, staple and exclusive, which cannot be obtained at other stores, will be on view.

The greatest variety of inexpensive textures; the most carefully selected individual pieces and more in-between weaves will make this a fabric-show beyond the best ever seen here or elsewhere in town.

The fashion-perfect new weaves are

CREPES in plain, staple colors and in the newer French tones

Printed Crepes—Unusual, neat Embroidered Crepes—Exquisite hand work and lovely color tones

Crepes with checked designs, and with rattle stripes

RATINE—A great stock to fill the needs of a great season of

ratine weaves. More patterns and colors here than ALL the other stores together will show.

Checks, stripes and fancy weaves, plaids and plaid tones.

VOILES—Plain and printed effects

LINENS—From Ireland, Austria, France and Germany

Staple Weaves—Gingham—domestic and foreign; galates, kindergarten cloth, tissues and other textures will have their showing this day.

A Great Yardage of New
Cretones at Special Prices

There is always a saving of money when you can buy in great quantities, and this is especially true of cretomes which most stores buy in small lots.

One of our recent orders brought in hundreds of yards.

In it can be seen that we can sell these good things at lower prices than you will find elsewhere?

Domestic cretomes, in new 1914 patterns and colorings, 15c and 25c.

Good Housekeepers Are Looking to
Their Towel Supplies

Bleached German Huckaback Towels, hemmed ends, 20x30 inches, 25c each.

Extra Heavy Huckaback Towels, with a raised pile, and hemmed ends, 24x40 inches, 35c each.

Very Fine Soft Irish Towels with figured centers and hemstitched ends, 22x39 inches, 50c each.

Drink Good Coffee With Us—Admiral 30c Pound;
Dillworth Steel Cut 35c Pound.

Test the fine flavor and real goodness of these coffees before you buy. This Saturday, in the Grocery Store, visitors will be handed a steaming cup of rightly made coffee by the courteous representatives.

These high-grade, critically-chosen coffees are blended by a process which develops the fine flavour and rich aroma. Each kind is perfectly clean, free from foreign matter and packed in waxed cartons to preserve the natural strength and taste.

Grocery Store, Saturday, all day.

Warm Gloves
Needed Right Now
—and Warm
Blankets—Comforts
too
Full Supplies Rightly
Priced

These new things, just arrived from St. Gall, are every sheer batiste, 27 inches quisisitely fine. They are on wide, with a narrow ruffle embroidered almost with the nicety of hand-work, 59c, 75c and \$1 a yard. There are hem-stitched and scallops also.

Dainty Ruffled Flouncings
for Babies' Dresses

With their small daintily colored flower designs on white or tinted grounds, they make the most charming little summer frocks imaginable. Also there are larger flower patterns for those who desire them. 25c, 25c, 35c, 50c yard.

Flowered Cotton
Voiles for Flounced
Dresses

Time Was When She
Wanted Embroidery All
'Round Her Handkerchief

but now most women simply want a dainty piece of needlework in one corner. Some of these very handkerchiefs, which show what clever hand-workers are the Irish needlewomen, are here in many different styles at 25c, 50c and \$1.00 each.

Little Heroes of Dickens' Quaint
Stories Inspired the Out-of-the-
Ordinary Styles in This Thurs-
day to Saturday Night Display of
New Wash Suits

Thursday, Friday and Saturday in the Men's Clothing Store, a display of the new wash and wool suits for boys.

A feature of the year in boys' wear are Oliver Twist, Dombey and Nickleby suits—originated and registered by the "Regatta" people and exclusive in Connelville to this store.

These distinct models are quaint, attractive and out-of-the-ordinary. They are the newest style-note originated in years.

The Dickens Characters' suits are in wool, linen, silk combinations, corduroy, velvet and fine cottons.

The new Conservative clothes—serge and novelty weave garments for larger boys; the rompers, dressers and blouse suits for tots will have their showing with the others.

Special orders for individually made suits for boys and tots will have expert attention these three days.

A Marvelous Offer

This \$2.50
Suit Case \$1.65

We secured them from a big maker at a special price, which enables us to hold this wonderful sale. These suit cases are made from the new tanoid fibre, and steel frames in lid and body, together with the strong angle irons at all corners, make them wear better than many leather suit cases. Have sturdy handles; good lock and catches; two inside straps. \$2.50 suit cases for \$1.65.

To demonstrate the almost incredible durability of these suit cases, we are showing in the men's clothing store one of them supporting absolutely by its own strength a 250 lb. blacksmith's anvil.

SOISSON THEATRE

AFTERNOON AND NIGHT.

Wednesday, March 4

THE CELEBRATED ACTRESS,

Laura Sawyer

IN THE THREE-REEL DRAMA

Daughter of the Hills

ALSO A TWO-REEL WESTERN DRAMA

Honor of the Mounted

AND THE SCREAMING COMEDY,

Almost a White Hope

PRICES 5 AND 10 CENTS.

WRIGHT-METZLER COMPANY, Connelville